King ARTHUR:

OR,

The Britiſh Worthy.

A *Dramatick*

OPERA.

Performed at the *QUEEN*'s Theatre

By Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

——*Heic alta Theatris*
Fundamenta locant: Scenis decora alta futuris. Virg. Æneid. 1.
Purpurea intexti tollunt aulæa Britanni. Georg. 3 10.
——*Tanton' placuit concurrere motu.* Æneid. 1.
Jupiter, æternâ Genteis in pace futuras?
Et Celebrare Domeſtica facta. Hor.

LONDON:

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judge's-Head*, near the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetſtreet*. 1695.

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MARQUISS of HALLIFAX.

My *LORD*,

THIS Poem was the laſt Piece of Service, which I had the Honour to do, for my Gracious Maſter, King CHARLES the Second: And though he liv'd not to ſee the Performance of it, on the Stage; yet the PROLOGUE to it, which was the *Opera* of *Albion* and *Albanius*, was often practis'd before Him at *Whitehall*, and encourag'd by His Royal Approbation. It was indeed a Time, which was proper for Triumph, when he had overcome all thoſe Difficulties which for ſome Years had perplex'd His Peaceful Reign: But when He had juſt reſtor'd His People to their Senſes, and made the latter End of His Government, of a Piece with the Happy Beginning of it, He was on the ſuddain ſnatch'd away, from the Bleſſings and Acclamations of His Subjects, who arriv'd ſo late to the Knowledge of Him, that they had but juſt time enough to deſire Him longer, before they were to part with Him for ever. Peace be with the Aſhes of ſo Good a King! Let His Humane Frailties be forgotten; and His Clemency and Moderation (the inherent Virtues of His Family) be remembred with a Grateful Veneration by Three Kingdoms, through which He ſpread the Bleſſings of them. And, as your Lordſhip held a principal Place in his Eſteem, and perhaps the firſt in His Affection, during His latter Troubles; the Succeſs which accompanied thoſe prudent Counſels, cannot but reflect an Honour on thoſe few who manag'd them; and wrought out, by their Faithfulneſs and Diligence, the Publick Safety. I might dilate on the Difficulties which attended that Undertaking, the Temper of the People, the Power, Arts and Intereſt of the contrary Party, but thoſe are all of them Invidious Topicks; they are too green in our Remembrance; and he who touches on them, *Incedit per Ignes, ſuppoſitos cineri doloſo.* But without reproaching one ſide to praiſe another, I may juſtly recommend to both, thoſe wholſom Counſels, which wiſely adminiſtred, and as well executed, were the Means of preventing a Civil War, and of extinguiſhing a growing Fire which was juſt ready to have broken forth among us. So many Wives, who have yet their Husbands in their Arms; ſo many Parents, who have not the Number of their Children leſſen'd; ſo many Villages, Towns and Cities, whoſe Inhabitants are not decreas'd, their Property violated, or their Wealth di-

miniſh'd, are yet owing to the ſober Conduct, and happy Reſults of your Advice. If a true Account may be expected by future Ages from the preſent, your Lordſhip will be delivered over to Poſterity, in a fairer Character than I have given: And be read, not in the Preface of a Play, (whoſe Author is not vain enough to promiſe Immortality to others, or to hope it for himſelf) but in many Pages of a Chronicle, fill'd with Praiſes of your Adminiſtration. For if Writers be juſt to the Memory of King *CHARLES* the Second, they cannot deny him to have been an exact Knower of Mankind, and a perfect Diſtinguiſher of their Talents. 'Tis true, his Neceſſities often forc'd him to vary his Counſellours and Councils, and ſometimes to imploy ſuch Perſons in the Management of his Affairs, who were rather fit for his preſent purpoſe, than ſatisfactory to his Judgment: But where it was Choice in him, not Compulſion, he was Maſter of too much good Senſe to delight in heavy Converſation; and whatever his Favourites of State might be, yet thoſe of his Affection, were Men of Wit. He was eaſie with theſe; and comply'd only with the former: But in the latter part of his Life, which certainly requir'd to be moſt cautiouſly manag'd, his ſecret Thoughts were communicated but to few; and thoſe ſelected of that ſort, who were *Amici omnium Horarum*, able to adviſe him in a ſerious Conſult, where his Honour and Safety were concern'd; and afterwards capable of entertaining him with pleaſant Diſcourſe, as well as profitable. In this Matureſt part of his Age, when he had been long ſeaſon'd with Difficulties and Dangers, and was grown to a Niceneſs in his Choice, as being ſatisfied how few cou'd be truſted; and, of thoſe who cou'd be truſted, how few cou'd ſerve him, he confined himſelf to a ſmall Number of Boſom Friends; amongſt whom, the World is much miſtaken, if your Lordſhip was not firſt.

If the Rewards which you receiv'd for thoſe Services, were only Honours, it rather ſhew'd the Neceſſities of the Times, than any want of Kindneſs in your Royal Maſter: And as the Splendour of your Fortune ſtood not in need of being ſupported by the Crown, ſo likewiſe in being ſatisfied without other Recompence, you ſhow'd your ſelf to be above a Mercenary Intereſt; and ſtrengthen'd that Power, which beſtowed thoſe Titles on you: Which, truly ſpeaking, were Marks of Acknowledgment more than Favour.

But, as a Skilful Pilot will not be tempted out to Sea, in ſuſpected Weather, ſo have you wiſely choſen to withdraw your ſelf from publick Buſineſs, when the Face of Heaven grew troubled; and the frequent ſhifting of the Winds foreſhew'd a Storm: There are Times and Seaſons when the beſt Patriots are willing to withdraw their Hands from

the

the Commonwealth; as *Phocion* in his latter Days was observ'd to decline the Management of Affairs. Or, as *Cicero*, (to draw the Similitude more home) left the Pulpit, for *Tusculum*, and the praise of Oratory, for the sweet Enjoyments of a private Life. And, in the Happiness of those Retirements, has more oblig'd Posterity by his *Moral Precepts*, than he did the Republick, in quelling the Conspiracy of *Catiline*. What prudent Man, wou'd not rather follow the Example of his Retreat, than stay like *Cato*, with a stubborn unseasonable Virtue, to oppose the Torrent of the People, and at last be driven from the Market-place by a Rioo of a Multitude, incapable of Counsel, and deaf to Eloquence? There is likewise a Portion of our Lives, which every Wise Man may justly reserve to his own peculiar use, and that without defrauding his Native Country. A Roman Souldier was allow'd to plead the Merit of his Services for his dismission at such an Age; and there was but one Exception to that Rule, which was, an Invasion from the *Gauls*. How far that may work with your Lordship, I am not certain; but I hope it is not coming to the Trial.

In the mean time, while the Nation is secur'd from Foreign Attempts, by so powerful a Fleet, and we enjoy not only the Happiness, but even the Ornaments of Peace, in the Divertisement of the Town, I humbly offer you this Trifle, which if it succeed upon the Stage, is like to be the chiefest Entertainment of our Ladies and Gentlemen this Summer. When I wrote it, seven Years ago, I employ'd some reading about it, to inform my self out of *Beda*, *Boëthius*, and other Authors, concerning the Rites and Customs of the Heathen Saxons; as I also us'd the little Skill I have in Poetry to adorn it. But not to offend the present Times, nor a Government which has hitherto protected me, I have been oblig'd so much to alter the first Design, and take away so many Beauties from the Writing, that it is now no more what it was formerly, than the present Ship of the *Royal Sovereign*, after so often taking down, and altering, to the Vessel it was at the first Building. There is nothing better, than what I intended, but the Musick; which has since arriv'd to a greater Perfection in *England*, than ever formerly; especially passing through the Artful Hands of Mr. *Purcel*, who has Compos'd it with so great a Genius, that he has nothing to fear but an ignorant, ill-judging Audience. But the Numbers of Poetry and Vocal Musick, are sometimes so contrary, that in many places I have been oblig'd to cramp my Verses, and make them rugged to the Reader, that they may be harmonious to the Hearer: Of which I have no Reason to repent me, because these sorts of Entertainment are principally design'd for the Ear and Eye; and therefore in Reason my Art, on this

occasion,

occasion, ought to be subservient to his. And besides, I flatter my self with an Imagination, that a Judicious Audience will easily distinguish betwixt the Songs, wherein I have comply'd with him, and those in which I have followed the Rules of Poetry, in the Sound and Cadence of the Words. Notwithstanding all those Disadvantages, there is somewhat still remaining of the first Spirit with which I wrote it. And, though I can only speak by ghess, of what pleas'd my first and best Patroness the Dutchess of *Monmouth* in the reading, yet I will venture my Opinion, by the knowledge I have long had of her Grace's Excellent Judgment, and true taste of Poetry, that the parts of the Airy and Earthy Spirits, and that Fairy kind of writing, which depends only upon the Force of Imagination, were the Grounds of her liking the Poem, and afterwards of her Recommending it to the Queen. I have likewise had the satisfaction to hear, that Her Majesty has Graciously been pleas'd to peruse the Manuscript of this *Opera*, and given it Her Royal Approbation. Poets, who subsist not but on the Favour of Sovereign Princes, and of great Persons, may have leave to be a little vain, and boast of their Patronage, who encourage the Genius that animates them. And therefore I will again presume to ghess, that Her Majesty was not displeas'd to find in this Poem the Praises of Her Native Country; and the Heroick Actions of so famous a Predecessor in the Government of *Great Britain*, as King *Arthur*.

All this, My Lord, I must confess, looks with a kind of Insinuation, that I present you with somewhat not unworthy your Protection: But I may easily mistake the Favour of Her Majesty for Her Judgment; I think I cannot be deceiv'd in thus addressing to your Lordship, whom I have had the Honour to know, at that distance which becomes me, for so many Years. 'Tis true, that formerly I have shadow'd some part of your Virtues, under another Name; but the Character, though short and imperfect, was so true, that it broke through the Fable, and was discover'd by its Native Light. What I pretend by this Dedication, is an Honour which I do my self to Posterity, by acquainting them that I have been conversant with the first Persons of the Age in which I liv'd; and thereby perpetuate my Prose, when my Verses may possibly be forgotten, or obscur'd by the Fame of Future Poets. Which Ambition, amongst my other Faults and Imperfections, be pleased to pardon, in

My LORD,

Your Lordships most Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

Prologue to the OPERA,

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

Sure there's a Dearth of Wit in this dull Town,
When silly Plays so severely go down:
As when Clipp'd Money passes, 'tis a Sign
A Nation is not over-stock'd with Coin.
Happy is he, who, in his own Defence,
Can Write just level to your humble Sence:
Who higher than your Pitch can never go;
And doubtless, he must creep, who Writes below.
So have I seen in Hall of Knight, or Lord,
A weak Arm, throw on a long Shovel-Board,
He barely lays his Piece, by Rub and Knock;
Secur'd by Weakness not to reach the Box.
A Feeble Poet will his Bus'ness do;
Who straining all he can, comes up to you:
For if you like your Selves, you like him too.
An Ape his own Dear Image will embrace;
An ugly Beau *adores a Hatchet Face:*
So some of you, on pure instinct of Nature,
Are led by Kind, t' admire your fellow Creature.
In fear of which, our House has sent this Day,
T' insure our New-Built-Vessel, call'd a Play.
No sooner Nam'd than one cryes out, These Stagers
Come in good time, to make more Work for Wagers.
The Town divides, if it will take, or no;
The Courtiers Bet, the Cits, the Merchants too;
A sign they have but little else to do.
Betts, at the first, were Fool-Traps; where the Wise
Like Spiders, lay in Ambush for the Flies:
But now they 're grown a common Trade for Cullies,
And Actions, by the News-Book, Rise and Fall.
Wits, Cheats, and Fops, are free of Wager-Hall.
One Policy, as far as Lyons *carries;*
Another, nearer home sets up for Paris.
Our Betts, at last, wou'd ev'n to Rome *extend,*
But that the Pope has prov'd our Trusty Friend.
Indeed, it were a Bargain, worth our Money,
Cou'd we insure another Ottobuoni.

Among

Among the rest, there are a Sharping Sort
That Pray for us, and yet against us Bett:
Sure Heav'n it self, is at a loss to know
If these wou'd have their Prayrs be heard, or no:
For in great Stakes, we piously suppose,
Men Pray but very faintly they may lose.
Leave off these Wagers; for in Conscience Speaking,
The City needs not your new Tricks for breaking.
And if you Gallants lose, so all appearing
You'll want an Equipage for Volunteering.
While thus, no Spark of Honour left within ye,
When you shou'd draw the Sword, you draw the Guinea.

Dramatis Personæ.

KIng *Arthur*. ——— Mr. *Betterton*.
Oswald, King of *Kent*, a Saxon and a Heathen. ——— Mr. *Williams*.
Conon, Duke of *Cornwal*, Tributary to King *Arthur*. ——— Mr. *Hodgson*.
Merlin, a famous Inchanter. ——— Mr. *Kynaston*.
Osmond, a Saxon Magician, and a Heathen. ——— Mr. *Sandford*.
Aurelius, Friend to *Arthur*. ——— Mr. *Alexander*.
Albanact, Captain of *Arthur*'s Guards. ——— Mr. *Bowen*.
Guillamar, Friend to *Oswald*. ——— Mr. *Harris*.

WOMEN.

Emmeline, Daughter of *Conon*. ——— Mrs. *Bracegird*.
Matilda, her Attendant. ——— Mrs. *Richardson*.

Philidel, an Airy Spirit. ——— Mrs. *Butler*.
Grimbald, an Earthy Spirit. ——— Mr. *Bowman*.

Officers and Soldiers, Singers and Dancers, *&c.*

Scene in *KENT*.

King

King ARTHUR:

OR,

The Britiſh Worthy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Conon, Aurelius, Albanact.

Con. THen this is the deciding Day, to fix
Great Britain's Scepter in great *Arthur*'s Hand.
Aur. Or put it in the bold Invaders gripe.
Arthur and *Oſwald*, and their different Fates,
Are weighing now within the Scales of Heaven.
Con. In Ten ſet Battels have we driven back
Theſe Heathen Saxons, and regain'd our Earth.
As Earth recovers from an Ebbing Tide,
Her half-drown'd Face, and lifts it o'er the Waves.
From *Severn*'s Banks, even to this *Barren-Down*,
Our foremoſt Men have preſt their fainty Rear,
And not one Saxon Face has been beheld;
But all their Backs, and Shoulders have been ſtuck
With foul diſhoneſt Wounds: Now here, indeed,
Becauſe they have no further Ground, they ſtand.
Aur. Well have we choſe a Happy day for Fight;
For every Man, in courſe of time, has found
Some days are lucky, ſome unfortunate.
Alb. But why this day more lucky than the reſt?
Con. Becauſe this day
Is Sacred to the Patron of our Iſle;
A Chriſtian, and a Souldier's Annual Feaſt. (*docia*'s Day.
Alb. Oh, now I underſtand you, This is St. *George* of *Cappa-*
Well, It may be ſo, but Faith I was Ignorant; we Souldiers

Seldom examine the Rubrick; and now and then a Saint may
Happen to slip by us; But if he be a Gentleman Saint, he will
Forgive us.

Con. Oswald, undoubtedly, will Fight it bravely.

Aur. And it behoves him well, 'tis his last Stake. [*To* Alb.
But what manner of Man is this *Oswald*? Have ye ever seen him?

Al. Ne'er but once; and that was to my Cost too; I follow'd him
And to say Truth, somwhat Uncivilly, upon a Rout; (too close,
But he turn'd upon me, as quick and as round, as a chaf'd Boar;
And gave me two Licks across the Face, to put me
In mind of my Christianity.

Con. I know him well; he's free and open Hearted.

Aur. His Countries Character: That Speaks a German.

Con. Revengeful, rugged, violently brave; and once re-
solv'd, is never to be mov'd.

Alb. Yes, he's a valiant Dog, Pox on him.

Con. This was the Character he then maintain'd,
When in my Court, he sought my Daughters Love:
My Fair, Blind, *Emmeline*. (*wall*:

Alb. I cannot blame him for Courting the Heiress of *Corn-*
All Heiresses are Beautiful; and as Blind as she is, he would have
No Blind Bargain of her. (had

Aur. For that Defeat in Love, he rais'd this War.
For Royal *Arthur* Reign'd within her Heart,
E're *Oswald* mov'd his Sute.

Con. Ay, now *Aurelius*, you have Nam'd a Man;
One, whom besides the Homage that I owe,
As *Cornwall*'s Duke, to his Imperial Crown,
I wou'd have chosen out, from all Mankind,
To be my Soveraign Lord.

Aur. His worth divides him from the croud of Kings;
So Born, without Desert to be so Born;
Men, set aloft, to be the Scourge of Heaven;
And with long Arms, to lash the Under-World.

Con. Arthur is all that's Excellent in *Oswald*;
And void of all his Faults: In Battel brave;
But still Serene in all the Stormy War,
Like Heaven above the Clouds; and after Fight,
As Merciful and Kind, to vanquisht Foes,
As a forgiving God; but see, he's here,
And Praise is Dumb before him.

Enter

Enter King Arthur, *Reading a Letter with Attendants.*

Arthur } Go on, Auſpicious Prince, the Stars are kind;
Reading. } Unfold thy Banners to the willing Wind;
While I, with Airy Legions, help thy Arms;
Confronting Art with Art, and Charms with Charms.
So *Merlin* writes; nor can we doubt th' event, [*To* Con.
With Heav'n and you to Friends; Oh Noble *Conon*,
You taught my tender Hands the Trade of War;
And now again you Helm your Hoary Head,
And under double weight of Age and Arms,
Aſſert your Country's Freedom, and my Crown.

Con. No more, my Son.

Arth. Moſt happy in that Name!
Your *Emmeline*, to *Oſwald*'s Vows refus'd,
You made my plighted Bride:
Your Charming Daughter, who like Love, Born Blind,
Un-aiming hits, with ſureſt Archery,
And Innocently kills.

Con. Remember, Son,
You are a General, other Wars require you.
For ſee the *Saxon* Groſs begins to move.

Arth. Their Infantry Embattel'd, ſquare and cloſe,
March firmly on, to fill the middle ſpace:
Cover'd by their advancing Cavalry.
By Heav'n, 'tis Beauteous Horrour:
The Noble *Oſwald* has provok'd my Envy.

Enter Emmeline, *led by* Matilda.

Ha! Now my Beauteous *Emmeline* appears,
A new, but Oh, a ſofter Flame, inſpires me:
Even Rage and Vengeance ſlumber at her ſight.

Con. Haſte your Farewel; I'll chear my Troops, and wait ye.
[*Exit* Conon.

Em. Oh Father, Father, I am ſure you're here;
Becauſe I ſee your Voice.

Arth. No, thou miſtak'ſt thy hearing for thy ſight;
He's gone, my *Emmeline*;
And I but ſtay to gaze on thoſe fair Eyes,
Which cannot view the Conqueſt they have made.
Oh Star-like Night, dark only to thy ſelf,
But full of Glory, as thoſe Lamps of Heav'n
That ſee not, when they ſhine.

Em. What is this Heav'n, and Stars, and Night, and Day,
To which you thus compare my Eyes and me?
I underſtand you, when you ſay you love:
For, when my Father claſps my Hand in his,
That's cold, and I can feel it hard and wrinckl'd;
But when you graſp it, then I ſigh and pant,
And ſomething ſmarts, and tickles at my Heart.

Arth. Oh Artleſs Love! where the Soul moves the Tongue,
And only Nature ſpeaks what Nature thinks!
Had ſhe but Eyes!

Em. Juſt now you ſaid I had:
I ſee 'em, I have two.

Arth. But neither ſee.

Em. I'm ſure they hear you then:
What can your Eyes do more?

Arth. They view your Beauties.

Em Do not I ſee? You have a Face like mine,
Two Hands, and two round, pretty, riſing Breaſts,
That heave like mine.

Arth. But you deſcribe a Woman.
Nor is it ſight, but touching with your Hands.

Em. Then 'tis my Hand that ſees, and that's all one:
For is not ſeeing, touching with your Eyes?

Arth. No, for I ſee at diſtance, where I touch not.

Em. If you can ſee ſo far, and yet not touch,
I fear you ſee my Naked Legs and Feet
Quite through my Cloaths; pray do not ſee ſo well.

Arth. Fear not, ſweet Innocence;
I view the lovely Features of your Face;
Your Lips Carnation, your dark ſhaded Eye-brows,
Black Eyes, and Snow-white Forehead; all the Colours
That make your Beauty, and produce my Love.

Em. Nay, then, you do not love on equal terms:
I love you dearly, without all theſe helps:
I cannot ſee your Lips Carnation,
Your ſhaded Eye-brows, nor your Milk-white Eyes.

Arth. You ſtill miſtake.

Em. Indeed I thought you had a Noſe and Eyes,
And ſuch a Face as mine; have not Men Faces?

Arth. Oh, none like yours, ſo excellently fair.

Em. Then wou'd I had no Face; for I wou'd be

Just such a one as you.

Arth. Alas, 'tis vain to instruct your Innocence,
You have no Notion of Light or Colours.

Em. Why, is not that a Trumpet? [*Trumpet sounds within.*

Arth. Yes.

Em. I knew it.
And I can tell you how the sound on't looks.
It looks as if it had an angry fighting Face.

Arth. 'Tis now indeed a sharp unpleasant sound,
Because it calls me hence, from her I love,
To meet Ten thousand Foes.

Em. How does so many Men e'er come to meet?
This Devil Trumpet vexes 'em, and then
They feel about, for one anothers Faces;
And so they meet, and kill.

Arth. I'll tell ye all, when we have gain'd the Field;
One kiss of your fair Hand, the pledge of Conquest,
And so a short farewel. { *Kisses her Hand, and* Exit *with* Aurel. Alb. *and Attendants.*

Em. My Heart, and Vows, go with him to the Fight:
May every Foe, be that, which they call blind,
And none of all their Swords have Eyes to find him.
But lead me nearer to the Trumpet's Face;
For that brave Sound upholds my fainting Heart;
And while I hear, methinks I fight my part.

[*Exit, led by* Matilda.

Enter Oswald *and* Osmond.

The Scene represents a place of Heathen worship; The three Saxon Gods, Woden, Thor, *and* Freya *placed on Pedestals. An Altar.*

Osmo. 'Tis time to hasten our mysterious Rites;
Because your Army waits you.

[Oswald *making three Bows before the three Images.*

Oswa. Thor, Freya, Woden, all ye Saxon Powers,
Hear and revenge my Father *Hengist*'s death.

Osmo. Father of Gods and Men, great *Woden,* hear.
Mount thy hot Courser, drive amidst thy Foes;
Lift high thy thund'ring Arm, let every blow
Dash out a mis-believing Briton's Brains.

Oswa. Father of Gods and Men, great *Woden* hear;
Give Conquest to thy Saxon Race, and me.

Osmo. Thor, Freya, Woden, hear, and spell your Saxons,

With

With Sacred Runick Rhimes, from Death in Battel.
Edge their bright Swords, and blunt the Britons Darts.
No more, Great Prince, for see my trusty Fiend,
Who all the Night has wing'd the dusky Air.

[Grimbald, *a fierce earthy Spirit arises.*

What news, my *Grimbald?*

Grim. I have plaid my part;
For I have Steel'd the Fools that are to dye;
Six Fools, so prodigal of Life and Soul,
That, for their Country, they devote their Lives
A Sacrifice to Mother Earth, and *Woden.*

Osmo. 'Tis well; But are we sure of Victory?

Grim. Why ask'st thou me?
Inspect their Intrails, draw from thence thy Guels.
Bloud we must have, without it we are dumb.

Osmo. Say, Where's thy fellow-servant, *Philidel?*
Why comes not he?

Grim. For, he's a puleing Sprite.
Why didst thou chuse a tender airy Form,
Unequal to the mighty work of Mischief;
His Make is flitting, soft, and yielding Atomes:
He trembles at the yawning gulph of Hell,
Nor dares approach the Flame, lest he shou'd singe
His gaudy silken Wings.
He sighs when he should plunge a Soul in Sulphur,
As with Compassion, touch'd of foolish man.

Osm. What a half Devil's he?
His errand was, to draw the Low-land damps,
And Noisom vapours, from the foggy Fens:
Then, breath the baleful stench, with all his force,
Full on the faces of our Christned Foes.

Grim. Accordingly he drein'd those Marshy-grounds;
And bagg'd 'em in a blue pestiferous Cloud;
Which when he shou'd have blown, the frighted Elf
Espy'd the Red Cross Banners of their Host;
And said he durst not add to his damnation.

Osm. I'le punish him at leisure;
Call in the Victims to propitiate Hell.

Grim That's my kind Master, I shall break fast on 'em.

[Grimbald *goes to the Door, and Re-enters with 6 Saxons in White, with Swords in their hands. They range themselves 3 and 3 in opposition to each other.*

The

The reſt of the Stage is fill'd with Prieſts and Singers.

WOden, *firſt to thee,*
A Milk-white Steed in Battel won,
We have Sacrific'd.

Chor. *We have Sacrific'd.*

Verſ. *Let our next oblation be,*
To Thor, *thy thundring Son,*
Of ſuch another.

Chor. *We have Sacrific'd.*

Verſ. *A third;* (*of* Friezland *breed was he,*)
To Woden's *Wife, and to* Thor's *Mother:*
And now we have atton'd all three
We have Sacrific'd.

Chor. *We have Sacrific'd.*

2 Voc. *The White Horſe Neigh'd aloud.*
To Woden *thanks we render.*
To Woden, *we have vow'd.*

Chor. *To* Woden, *our Defender.*
[The four laſt Lines in *CHORUS.*

Verſ. *The Lot is caſt, and* Tanfan *pleas'd:*

Chor. *Of Mortal Cares you ſhall be eas'd,*
Brave Souls to be renown'd in Story.
Honour prizing,
Death deſpiſing,
Fame acquiring
By Expiring,
Dye, and reap the fruit of Glory.
Brave Souls to be renown'd in Story.

Verſ. 2. *I call ye all,*
To Woden's *Hall;*
Your Temples round
With Ivy bound,
In Goblets Crownd,
And plenteous Bowls of burniſh'd Gold;
Where you ſhall Laugh,
And dance and quaff,
The Juice, that makes the Britons bold.
[*The ſix Saxons are led off by the Prieſts, in Order to be Sacrific'd.*

Oſw. Ambitious Fools we are,
And yet ambition is a Godlike Fault:

Or

Or rather, 'tis no Fault in Souls born great,
Who dare extend their Glory by their Deeds.
Now *Britany* prepare to change thy State,
And from this Day begin thy Saxon date. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

A Battel ſuppoſed to be given behind the Scenes, with Drums, Trumpets, and Military Shouts and Excurſions: After which, the *Britons*, expreſſing their Joy for the Victory, ſing this Song of Triumph.

COme if you dare, our Trumpets ſound;
Come if you dare, the Foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double Beat of the Thundring Drum.
Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again:
The Gods from above the mad Labour behold,
And pity Mankind that will periſh for Gold.
The Fainting Saxons *quit their Ground,*
Their Trumpets Languiſh in the Sound;
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly;
Victoria, Victoria, *the Bold* Britons *cry.*
Now the Victory's won,
To the Plunder we run:
We return to our Laſſes like Fortunate Traders,
Triumphant with Spoils of the Vanquiſht Invaders.

ACT II.

Enter Philidel.

Phil. ALas, for pity, of this bloody Field!
Piteous it needs muſt be, when I, a Spirit,
Can have ſo ſoft a ſenſe of Humane Woes!
Ah! for ſo many Souls, as but this Morn,
Were cloath'd with Fleſh, and warm'd with Vital blood,
But naked now, or ſhirted but with Air.

[Merlin, *with Spirits, deſcends to* Philidel, *on a Chariot drawn by Dragons.*

Mer. What art thou, Spirit, of what Name and Order?

(For

(For I have view'd thee in my Magick Glass,)
Making thy moan, among the Midnight Wolves,
That Bay the silent Moon: Speak, I Conjure thee.
'Tis *Merlin* bids thee, at whose awful Wand,
The pale Ghost quivers, and the grim Fiend gasps.

Phil. An Airy Shape, the tender'st of my kind,
The last seduc'd, and least deform'd of Hell;
Half white, and shuffl'd in the Crowd, I fell;
Desirous to repent, and loth to sin;
Awkward in Mischief, piteous of Mankind,
My Name is *Philidel*, my Lot in Air;
Where next beneath the Moon, and neareſt Heav'n,
I soar; and have a Glimpse to be receiv'd,
For which the swarthy *Dæmons* envy me.

Mer. Thy Business here?

Phil. To shun the Saxon Wizards dire Commands,
Osmond, the awful'st Name next thine below,
'Cause I refus'd to hurl a Noysom Fog
On Christen'd Heads, the Hue and Cry of Hell
Is rais'd against me, for a Fugitive Spright.

Mer. Osmond shall know, a greater Power protects thee;
But follow thou the Whispers of thy Soul,
That draw thee nearer Heav'n.
And, as thy Place is neareſt to the Sky,
The Rays will reach thee first, and bleach thy Soot.

Phil. In hope of that, I spread my Azure Wings,
And wishing still, for yet I dare not pray,
I bask in Day-light, and behold with Joy
My Scum work outward, and my Rust wear off.

Mer. Why 'tis my hopeful Devil; now mark me, *Philidel*,
I will employ thee, for thy future Good:
Thou know'st, in spite of Valiant *Oswald*'s Arms,
Or *Osmond*'s Powerful Spells, the Field is ours.

Phil. Oh, Master! hasten
Thy Dread Commands; for *Grimbald* is at Hand;
Osmond's fierce Fiend, I snuff his Earthly Scent:
The Conquering *Britons*, he misleads to Rivers,
Or dreadful Downfalls of unheeded Rocks;
Where many fall, that ne'er shall rise again.

Mer. Be that thy care, to stand by falls of Brooks,

And

And trembling Bogs, that bear a Green-Sword ſhow.
Warn off the bold Purſuers from the Chace:
No more, they come, and we divide the Task.
But leſt fierce *Grimbald's* pond'rous Bulk oppreſs
Thy tender flitting Air, I'll leave my Band
Of Spirits with United Strength to Aid thee,
And force with force repel.

[*Exit* Merlin *on his Chariot.* Merlin's *Spirits ſtay with* Philidel.

Enter Grimbald *in the Habit of a Shepherd, follow'd by King* Arthur, Conon, Aurelius, Albanact *and Soldiers, who wander at a diſtance in the Scenes.*

Grim. Here, this way, *Britons,* follow *Oſwald's* flight;
This Evening as I whiſtl'd out my Dog,
To drive my ſtraggling Flock, and pitch'd my Fold,
I ſaw him dropping Sweat, o're-labour'd, ſtiff,
Make faintly as he could, to yonder Dell.
Tread in my Steps; long Neighbourhood by Day
Has made theſe Fields familiar in the night.

Arth. I thank thee, Shepherd;
Expect Reward, lead on, we follow thee.

Phil. ſings. } *Hither this way, this way bend,*
Truſt not that Malicious Fiend:
Thoſe are falſe deluding Lights,
Wafted far and near by Sprights.
Truſt 'em not, for they'll deceive ye;
And in Bogs and Marſhes leave ye.

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*
Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This way, this way bend.*

Phil. ſings. } *If you ſtep, no Danger thinking,*
Down you fall, a Furlong ſinking:
'Tis a Fiend who has annoy'd ye;
Name but Heav'n, and he'll avoid ye.

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*
Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This way, this way bend.*
Philidels Spirits. *Truſt not that Malicious Fiend.*
Grimbalds Spirits. *Truſt me, I am no Malicious Fiend.*
Philidels Spirits. *Hither this way,* &c.

Con. Some wicked Phantom, Foe to Human kind,
Miſguides our Steps.
Alb. I'll follow him no farther.

Grim-

Grimbald speaks. By Hell, she sings 'em back, in my despight.
I had a voice in Heav'n, e're Sulph'rous Steams
Had damp'd it to a hoarseness; but I'll try.
He sings. *Let not a Moon-born Elf mislead ye,*
From your Prey, and from your Glory,
Too far, Alas, he has betray'd ye:
Follow the Flames, that wave before ye:
Sometimes Seven, and sometimes one;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.

2.

See, see, the Footsteeps plain appearing,
That way Oswald *chose for flying:*
Firm is the Turff, and fit for bearing,
Where yonder Pearly Dews are lying.
Far he cannot hence be gone;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.

Aur. 'Tis true, he says; the Footsteps yet are fresh
Upon the Sod, no falling Dew-drops have
Disturb'd the Print. [*All are going to follow* Grimbald.
Philidel sings. *Hither this way.*
Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*
Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This way, this way bend.*
Philidels Spirits. *Trust not that Malicious Fiend.*
Grimb. Spirits. *Trust me, I am no Malicious Fiend.*
Philidels Spirits. *Hither this way,* &c.
[*They all incline to* Philidel.
Grim. speaks. Curse on her Voice, I must my Prey forego;
Thou, *Philidel,* shalt answer this below. [Grimbald *sinks with a flash.*
Arth. At last the Cheat is plain;
The Cloven-footed Fiend is Vanish'd from us;
Good Angels be our Guides, and bring us back.
Phil. singing. *Come follow, follow, follow me.*
Chor. *Come follow,* &c.
And me. And me. And me, And me.
Vers. 2 Voc. *And Green-Sword all your way shall be.*
Chor. *Come follow,* &c.
Verse. *No* Goblin *or* Elf *shall dare to offend ye.*
Chor. *No, no, no,* &c.
No Goblin *or* Elf *shall dare to offend ye.*
Vers. 3 Voc. *We Brethren of Air,*
You Hero's *will bear,*

To the Kind and the Fair that attend ye.

Chor. *We Brethren,* &c.

[Philidel *and the Spirits go off Singing, with King* Arthur *and the reſt in the middle of them.*

Enter Emmeline *led by* Matilda. *Pavilion Scene.*

Em. No News of my Dear Love, or of my Father?

Matt. None, Madam, ſince the gaining of the Battel;
Great *Arthur* is a Royal Conqueror now,
And well deſerves your Love.

Em. But now I fear
He'll be too great, to love poor ſilly me.
If he be dead, or never come agen,
I mean to die: But there's a greater doubt,
Since I ne'er ſaw him here,
How ſhall I meet him in another World?

Mat. I have heard ſomething, how two Bodies meet,
But how Souls joyn, I know not.

Em. I ſhou'd find him,
For ſurely I have ſeen him in my Sleep,
And then, methought, he put his Mouth to mine,
And eat a thouſand Kiſſes on my Lips;
Sure by his Kiſſing I cou'd find him out
Among a thouſand Angels in the Sky.

Mat. But what a kind of Man do you ſuppoſe him?

Em. He muſt be made of the moſt precious things:
And I believe his Mouth, and Eyes, and Cheeks,
And Noſe, and all his Face, are made of Gold.

Mat. Heav'n bleſs us, Madam, what a Face you make him!
If it be yellow, he muſt have the Jaundies,
And that's a bad Diſeaſe.

Em. Why then do Lovers give a thing ſo bad
As Gold, to Women, whom ſo well they Love?

Mat. Becauſe that bad thing, Gold, buyes all good things.

Em. Yet I muſt know him better: Of all Colours,
Tell me which is the pureſt, and the ſofteſt.

Mat. They ſay 'tis Black.

Em. Why then, ſince Gold is hard, and yet is precious,
His Face muſt all be made of ſoft, black Gold.

Mat. But, Madam——

Em. No more; I have learn'd enough for once.

Mat. Here are a Crew of Kentiſh Lads and Laſſes.

Wou'd entertain ye, till your Lord's return,
With Songs and Dances, to divert your Cares.
Em. O bring 'em in,
For tho' I cannot ſee the Songs, I love 'em;
And Love, they tell me, is a Dance of Hearts.

Enter Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

1. Shepherd ſings. *How bleſt are Shepherds, how happy their Laſſes,*
While Drums and Trumpets are ſounding Alarms!
Over our Lowly Sheds all the Storm paſſes;
And when we die, 'tis in each others Arms.
All the Day on our Heards and Flocks employing;
All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying.

Chor. *All the Day,* &c.

2.

Bright Nymphs of Britain, *with Graces attended,*
Let not your Days without Pleaſure expire;
Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,
All Men will praiſe you, but none will deſire.
Let not Youth fly away without Contenting;
Age will come time enough, for your Repenting.

Chor. *Let not Youth,* &c.

[Here the Men offer their Flutes to the Women, which they refuſe.

2. Shepherdeſſ. *Shepherd, Shepherd, leave Decoying,*
Pipes are ſweet, a Summers Day;
But a little after Toying,
Women have the ſhot to pay.

2.

Here are Marriage-Vows for ſigning,
Set their Marks that cannot write:
After that, without Repining,
Play and Welcome, Day and Night.

[Here the Women give the Men Contracts, which they accept.

Chor. of all. *Come, Shepherds, lead up a lively Meaſure;*
The Cares of Wedlock, are Cares of Pleaſure:
But whether Marriage bring Joy, or Sorrow,
Make ſure of this Day, and hang to morrow.

[*The Dance after the Song, and* Exeunt *Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.*

Enter on the other ſide of the Stage, Oſwald *and* Guillamar.

Oſw. The Night has wilder'd us; and we are faln
Among their foremoſt Tents.

Guil.

Guill. Ha! What are these!
They seem of more than Vulgar Quality.
Em What Sounds are those? They cannot far be distant:
Where are we now, *Matilda?*
Mat. Just before your Tent:
Fear not, they must be Friends, and they approach.
Em. My *Arthur*, speak, my Love; Are you return'd
To bless your *Emmeline?*
Oswa. to Guilla. I know that Face:
'Tis my Ungrateful Fair, who, scorning mine,
Accepts my Rivals Love: Heav'n, thou'rt bounteous,
Thou ow'st me nothing now.
Mat. Fear grows upon me:
Speak what you are; speak, or I call for help.
Oswa. We are your Guards.
Mat. Ah me! We are betray'd; 'tis *Oswald*'s Voice.
Em. Let 'em not see our Voices, and then they cannot find us.
Osw. Passions in Men Oppress'd, are doubly strong.
I take her from King *Arthur*; there's Revenge:
If she can love, she buoys my sinking Fortunes:
Good Reasons both: I'll on.— Fear nothing, Ladies,
You shall be safe. [*Oswald and Guillamar seize Emmeline and Matilda.*
Em. & Matil. Help, help; a Rape, a Rape!
Oswa. By Heav'n ye injure me, tho' Force is us'd,
Your Honour shall be sacred.
Em. Help, help, Oh *Britons*, help!
Oswa. Your *Britons* cannot help you:
This Arm, through all their Troops, shall force my way;
Yet neither quit my Honour, nor my Prey.
[*Exeunt, the Women still crying.*
An Alarm within: Some Soldiers running over the Stage: Follow, follow, follow.
Enter Albanact *Captain of the Guards, with Soldiers.*
Alb. Which way went th' Alarm?
1 *Sol.* Here, towards the Castle.
Alb. Pox o' this Victory; the whole Camp's debauch'd:
All Drunk or Whoring: This way, follow, follow. [*Exeunt.*
The Alarm renews: Clashing of Swords within for a while.
Re-enter Albanact, *Officer and Soldiers.*
Officer. How sits the Conquest on great *Arthur*'s Brow?

Alba.

Alba. As when the Lover, with the King is mine,
He puts the gain of *Britain* in a Scale,
Which weighing with the loss of *Emmeline*,
He thinks he's scarce a Saver. [*Trumpet within.*
Officer. Hark! a Trumpet!
It sounds a Parley.
Alba. 'Tis from *Oswald* then;
An Eccho to King *Arthur*'s Friendly Summons,
Sent since he heard the Rape of *Emmeline*,
To ask an Interview. [*Trumpet answering on the other side.*
Officer. But hark! already
Our Trumpet makes reply; and see both present.

Enter Arthur *on one side attended*, Oswald *on the other with Attendants, and* Guillamar. *They meet and salute.*

Arthur. Brave *Oswald*! We have met on Friendlier Terms,
Companions of a War, with Common Interest
Against the Bordering *Picts*: But Times are chang'd.
Oswa. And I am sorry that those Times are chang'd:
For else we now might meet, on Terms as Friendly.
Arth. If so we meet not now, the fault's your own;
For you have wrong'd me much.
Oswa. Oh you wou'd tell me,
I call'd more *Saxons* in, t' enlarge my Bounds:
If those be Wrongs, the War has well redress'd ye.
Arth. Mistake me not, I count not War a Wrong:
War is the Trade of Kings, that fight for *Empire*;
And better be a Lyon, than a Sheep.
Oswa. In what, then, have I wrong'd ye?
Arth. In my Love.
Oswa. Even Love's an Empire too; The Noble Soul,
Like Kings, is Covetous of single Sway.
Arth. I blame ye not, for loving *Emmeline*:
But since the Soul is free, and Love is choice,
You shou'd have made a Conquest of her Mind,
And not have forc'd her Person by a Rape.
Oswa. Whether by Force, or Stratagem, we gain;
Still Gaining is our End, in War or Love.
Her Mind's the Jewel, in her Body lock'd;
If I would gain the Gem, and want the Key,
It follows I must seize the Cabinet:
But to secure your fear, her Honour is untouch'd.

Arth.

Arth. Was Honour ever ſafe in Brutal Hands?
So ſafe are Lambs within the Lyons Paw;
Ungrip'd and plaid with, till fierce Hunger calls,
Then Nature ſhews it ſelf; the cloſe-hid Nails
Are ſtretch'd, and open'd, to the panting Prey.
But if indeed, you are ſo Cold a Lover ——

Oſwa. Not Cold, but Honourable.

Arth. Then Reſtore her.
That done, I ſhall believe you Honourable.

Oſwa. Think'ſt thou I will forego a Victor's Right?

Arth. Say rather, of an Impious Raviſher.
That Caſtle, were it wall'd with Adamant,
Can hide thy Head, but till to Morrow's Dawn.

Oſwa. And er'e to Morrow, I may be a God,
If *Emmeline* be kind: But kind or cruel,
I tell thee, *Arthur*, but to ſee this Day,
That Heavenly Face, tho' not to have her mind,
I would give up a hundred Years of Life,
And bid Fate cut to Morrow.

Arth. It ſoon will come, and thou repent too late;
Which to prevent, I'll bribe thee to be honeſt.
Thy Noble Head, accuſtom'd to a Crown,
Shall wear it ſtill: Nor ſhall thy hand forget
The Sceptre's uſe: From *Medway*'s pleaſing Stream,
To *Severn*'s Roar, be thine.
In ſhort, Reſtore my Love, and ſhare my Kingdom.

Oſwa. Not, tho' you ſpread my Sway from *Thames* to *Tyber*;
Such Gifts might bribe a King, but not a Lover.

Arth. Then prithee give me back my Kingly Word,
Paſs'd for thy ſafe return; and let this Hour,
In ſingle Combate, Hand to Hand, decide
The Fate of Empire, and of *Emmeline*.

Oſwa. Not, that I fear, do I decline this Combat;
And not decline it neither, but defer:
When *Emmeline* has been my Prize as long
As ſhe was thine; I dare thee to the Duel.

Arth. I nam'd your utmoſt Term of Life; To Morrow.

Oſwa. You are not Fate.

Arth. But Fate is in this Arm.
You might have made a Merit of your Theft.

Oſwa. Ha! Theft! Your Guards can tell, I ſtole her not.

Arth. Had I been prelent——

Oſwa. Had you been prelent, ſhe had been mine more Nobly.

Arth. There lies your way.

Oſwa. My way lies where I pleaſe.
Expect (for *Oſwald*'s Magick cannot fail)
A long to Morrow, e're your Arms prevail:
Or if I fall, make Room ye bleſt above,
For one who was undone, and dy'd for Love.

[*Exit Oſwald and his Party.*

Arth. There may be one black Minute e're to Morrow
For who can tell, what Pow'r, and Luſt, and Charms,
May do this Night? To Arms, with ſpeed, to Arms. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter Arthur, Conon *and* Aurelius.

Con. FUrle up our Colours, and Unbrace our Drums;
Diſlodge betimes, and quit this fatal Coaſt.

Arth. Have we forgot to Conquer?

Aurel. Caſt off hope:
Th' Imbattl'd Legions of Fire, Air, and Earth,
Are banded for our Foes.
For going to diſcover, with the Dawn,
Yon Southern Hill, which promis'd to the Sight
A Riſe more eaſie to attaek the Fort,
Scarce had we ſtept on the Forbidden Ground;
When the Woods ſhook, the Trees ſtood briſtling up;
A Living Trembling Nodded through the Leaves.

Arth. Poplars, and Aſpen-Boughs, a Pannick Fright.

Conon. We thought ſo too, and doubled ſtill our pace.
But ſtrait a rumbling Sound, like bellowing Winds,
Roſe and grew loud; Conſus'd with Howls of Wolves,
And Grunts of Bears; and dreadful Hiſs of Snakes;
Shrieks more than Humane; Globes of Hail pour'd down
An Armed Winter, and Inverted Day.

Arth. Dreadful, indeed!

Aur. Count then our Labour's loſt:
For other way lies none, to mount the Cliff,
Unleſs we borrow Wings, and ſail thro' Air.

Arth. Now I perceive a Danger worthy me.
'Tis *Oswond's* work, a band of Hell-hir'd Slaves:
Be mine the hazard, mine shall be the Fame.

[Arthur *is going out, but is met by* Merlin, *who takes him by the Hand, and brings him back.*

Enter Merlin.

Merl. Hold, Sir, and wait Heav'ns time; th' Attempt's too dangerous.
There's not a Tree in that Inchanted Grove,
But numbred out, and given by tale to Fiends;
And under every Leaf a Spirit couch'd.
But by what method to dissolve these Charms,
Is yet unknown to me.

Arth. Hadst thou been here, (for what can thwart thy Skille)
Nor *Emmeline* had been the boast of *Oswald*;
Nor I, fore-warn'd, been wanting to her Guard.

Con. Her darkn'd Eyes had seen the Light of Heav'n;
That was thy promise too, and this the time.

Mer. Nor has my Aid been absent, tho' unseen,
With Friendly Guides in your benighted Maze:
Nor *Emmeline* shall longer want the Sun.

Arth. Is there an end of Woes?

Merl. There is, and sudden.
I have employ'd a subtil Airy Spright
T' explore the passage, and prepare my way.
My self, mean time, will view the Magick Wood,
To learn whereon depends its Force.

Con. But *Emmeline* ——

Mer. Fear not: This Vial shall restore her sight.

Arth. Oh might I hope (and what's impossible
To *Merlin's* Art) to be my self the bearer,
That with the Light of Heav'n she may discern
Her Lover first.

Mer. 'Tis wondrous hazardous:
Yet I foresee th' Event, 'tis fortunate.
I'll bear ye safe, and bring ye back unharm'd:
Then lose not precious Time, but follow me.

[*Exeunt Omnes.* Merlin *leading* Arthur.

Enter Philidel. *Scene, a Deep Wood.*

Phil. I left all safe behind;
For in the hindmost quarter of the wood,
My former Lord, Grim *Oswond*, walks the Round:

Calls o'er the Names, and Schools the tardy Sprights.
His Absence gives me more Security.
At every Walk I pass'd, I drew a Spell,
So that if any Fiend, abhorring Heav'n,
There sets his Foot, it roots him to the Ground.
Now cou'd I but discover *Emmeline*,
My Task were fairly done. [*Walking about, and Prying betwixt the Trees.*]

Enter Grimbald *rushing out: He seizes* Philidel, *and binds him in a Chain.*

Grimb. O Rebel, have I caught thee!

Phil. Ah me! What hard mishap!

Grimb. What just Revenge!
Thou miscreant Elf, thou Renegado Scout,
So clean, so furbish'd, so renew'd in White,
The Livery of our Foes; I see thee through.
What mak'st thou here? Thou trim Apostate, speak.
Thou shak'st for Fear, I feel thy false Heart Pant.

Phil. Ah mighty *Grimbald*,
Who would not Fear, when seiz'd in thy strong Gripes;
But here me, Oh Renown'd, Oh worthy Fiend,
The Favourite of our Chief.

Grimb. Away with fulsome Flattery,
The Food of Fools; thou know'st where last we met,
When but for thee, the Christians had been swallow'd
In quaking Bogs, and Living sent to Hell.

Phi. Aye, then I was seduc'd by *Merlin*'s Art,
And half persuaded by his soothing Tales,
To hope for Heav'n, as if Eternal Doom
Cou'd be Revers'd, and undecreed for me:
But I am now set Right.

Grimb. Oh still thou think'st to fly a Fool to Mark.

Phil. I fled from *Merlin*, free as Air that bore me,
T'unfold to *Osmond* all his deep Designs.

Grimb. I believe nothing, Oh thou fond Impostor,
When wert thou last in Hell? Is not thy Name
Forgot, and Blotted from th' Infernal Roll?
But since thou say'st, thy Errand was to *Osmond*,
To *Osmond* shalt thou go; March, know thy Driver.

Phil. Kneeling. Oh spare me, *Grimbald*, and I'll be thy Slave:
Tempt Hermits for thee, in their Holy Cells,

And Virgins in their Dreams.

Grimb. Canſt thou, a Devil, hope to cheat a Devil?
A Spy; why that's a Name abhorr'd in Hell;
Haſte forward, forward, or I'll Goad thee on,
With Iron Spurs.

Phil. But uſe me kindly then:
Pull not ſo hard to hurt my Airy Limbs;
I'll follow thee unforc'd; look, there's thy way.

Grimb. Ay there's the way indeed; but for more ſurety
I'll keep an Eye behind: Not one word more,
But follow decently. [Grimbald *goes out, dragging* Philidel.

Phil. aſide. So, catch him Spell.

Grimb. within. Oh help me, help me, *Philidel.*

Phil. Why, What's the matter?

Grimb. Oh, I am inſnar'd;
Heav'ns Birdlime wraps me round, and glues my Wings,
Looſe me, and I will free thee;
Do, and I'll be thy Slave.

Phil. What, to a Spy, a Name abhorr'd in Hell?

Grimb. Do not inſult, Oh, Oh, I grow to Ground;
The Fiery Net draws cloſer on my Limbs.

Phil. Thou ſhalt not have the Eaſe to curſe in Torments;
Be Dumb for one half Hour; ſo long my Charm
Can keep thee Silent, and there lie
Till *Oſmond* breaks thy Chain.

[Philidel *unbinds his own Fetters.*

Enter to him Merlin, *with a Vial in his Hand; and* Arthur.

Mer. Well haſt thou wrought thy Safety with thy Wit,
My *Philidel*; go Meritorious on.
Me, other Work requires, to view the Wood,
And learn to make the dire Inchantments void.
Mean time attend King *Arthur* in my Room;
Shew him his Love, and with theſe Soveraign Drops
Reſtore her ſight. (*Exit* Merlin *giving a Vial to* Philidel.

Phil. *We muſt work, we muſt haſte;*
Noon-Tyde Hour is almoſt paſt:
Sprights, that glimmer in the Sun,
Into Shades already run.
Oſmond *will be here, anon.*

Enter Emmeline *and* Matilda, *at the far end of the Wood.*

Arth. O yonder, yonder ſhe's already found:
My Soul directs my ſight, and flies before it.

Now,

Now, Gentle Spirit, uſe thy utmoſt Art
Unſeal her Eyes; and this way lead her Steps.

[Arthur *withdraws behind the Scene.*

Emmeline *and* Matilda *come forward to the Front.*

Philidel *approaches* Emmeline, *ſprinkling ſome of the Water over her Eyes, out of the Vial.*

Phil. *Thus, Thus I infuſe*
Theſe Soveraign Dews.
Fly back, ye Films, that Cloud her ſight,
And you, ye Chryſtal Humours bright,
Your Noxious Vapours purg'd away,
Recover, and admit the Day,
Now caſt your Eyes abroad, and ſee
All but me.

Em. Ha! What was that? Who ſpoke?

Mat. I heard the Voice; 'tis one of *Oſmond*'s Fiends.

Em. Some bleſſed Angel ſure; I feel my Eyes
Unſeal'd, they walk abroad, and a new World
Comes ruſhing on, and ſtands all gay before me.

Mat. Oh Heavens! Oh Joy of Joys! ſhe has her ſight!

Em. I am new-born; I ſhall run mad for Pleaſure. [*Staring*
Are Women ſuch as thou? Such Glorious Creatures? *on* Mat.

Arth. Aſide. Oh how I envy her, to be firſt ſeen!

Em. Stand farther; let me take my full of Sight. [*Looking up.*
What's that above, that weakens my new Eyes,
Makes me not ſee, by ſeeing?

Mat. 'Tis the Sun.

Em. The Sun, 'tis ſure a God, if that be Heav'n.
Oh, if thou art a Creature, beſt and faireſt,
How well art thou, from Mortals ſo remote,
To ſhine, and not to burn, by near approach!
How haſt thou light'ned even my very Soul,
And let in Knowledge by another ſenſe!
I gaze about, new-born, to Day and thee;
A Stranger yet, an Infant of the World!
Art thou not pleas'd, *Matilda*? Why, like me,
Doſt thou not look and wonder?

Mat. For theſe Sights
Are to my Eyes familiar.

Em. That's my joy,
Not to have ſeen before: For Nature now

Comes

Comes all at once, confounding my Delight.
But ah! what thing am I? Fain wou'd I know;
Or am I blind, or do I see but half?
With all my Care, and looking round about,
I cannot view my Face.
Mat. None see themselves,
But by reflection; in this Glass you may. [*Gives her a Glass.*
Em. taking the Glass, and looking. What's this?
It holds a Face within it: Oh sweet Face;
It draws the Mouth, and Smiles, and looks upon me;
And talks; but yet I cannot hear it Speak:
The pretty thing is Dumb.
Matt. The pretty thing
You see, within the Glass, is you.
Em. What, am I two? Is this another me?
Indeed it wears my Cloaths, has Hands like mine;
And Mocks what e're I do; but that I'm sure
I am a Maid, I'd swear it were my Child. [Matilda *looks.*
Look, my *Matilda*; We both are in the Glass,
Oh, now I know it plain; they are our Names
That peep upon us there.
Mat. Our Shadows, Madam.
Em. Mine is a prettier Shaddow far, than thine.
I Love it; let me Kiss my t'other Self. [*Kissing the Glass, and hugging it.*
Alas, I've kiss'd it Dead; the fine Thing's gone;
Indeed it Kiss'd so Cold, as if 'twere Dying.
[Arthur *comes forward softly; shewing himself behind her.*
'Tis here again.
Oh no, this Face is neither mine nor thine;
I think the Glass has Born another Child. [*She turns and sees* Arthur.
Ha! What art thou, with a new kind of Face,
And other Cloaths, a Noble Creature too;
But taller, bigger, fiercer in thy Look;
Of a Comptrolling Eye, Majestick make?
Mat. Do you not know him, Madam?
Em. Is't a Man?
Arth. Yes, and the most unhappy of my Kind,
If you have chang'd your Love.
Em. My dearest Lord!
Was my Soul blind; and cou'd not that look out,
To know you, e're you Spoke? Oh Counterpart

Of

Of our ſoft Sex; Well are ye made our Lords;
So bold, ſo great, ſo God-like are ye form'd.
How can ye Love ſuch ſilly Things as Women?

Arth. Beauty like yours Commands; and Man was made
But a more boiſterous; and a ſtronger Slave,
To you, the beſt Delights of human Kind.

Em. But are ye mine? is there an end of War?
Are all thoſe Trumpets Dead themſelves, at laſt,
That us'd to kill Men with their Thundring Sounds?

Arth. The Sum of War is undecided yet;
And many a breathing Body muſt be Cold,
E're you are free.

Em. How came ye hither then?

Arth. By *Merlin's* Art, to ſnatch a ſhort-liv'd Bliſs;
To feed my Famiſh'd Love upon your Eyes,
One Moment, and depart.

Em. O Moment, worth——
Whole Ages paſt, and all that are to come!
Let Love-ſick *Oſwald*, now unpitied mourn;
Let *Oſmond* mutter Charms to Sprights in vain,
To make me Love him; all ſhall not change my Soul.

Arth. Ha! Does the Inchanter practice Hell upon you?
Is he my Rival too?

Em. Yes, but I hate him;
For when he ſpoke, through my ſhut Eyes I ſaw him;
His Voice look'd ugly, and breath'd brimſtone on me:
And then I firſt was glad that I was blind,
Not to behold Damnation.

Phil. This time is left me to Congratulate
Your new-born Eyes; and tell you what you gain
By ſight reſtor'd, and viewing him you love.
Appear, you Airy Forms: [*Airy Spirits appear in the Shapes of Men and Women.*

Man ſings. *O Sight the Mother of Deſires,*
What Charming Objects doſt thou yield!
'Tis ſweet, when tedious Night expires,
To ſee the Roſie Morning guild
The Mountain-Tops, and paint the Field!
But, when Clorinda *comes in ſight,*
She makes the Summers Day more bright;
And when ſhe goes away, 'tis Night.

Chor. *When Fair* Clorinda *comes in ſight,* &c.

Wom.

Wom. sings. *'Tis sweet the Blushing Morn to view;*
And Plains adorn'd with Pearly Dew:
But such cheap Delights to see,
Heaven and Nature,
Give each Creature;
They have Eyes, as well as we.
This is the Joy, all Joys above,
To see, to see,
That only she,
That only she we love!

Chor. *This is the Joy, all Joys above,* &c.

Man sings. *And, if we may discover,*
What Charms both Nymph and Lover,
'Tis, when the Fair at Mercy lies,
With Kind and Amorous Anguish,
To Sigh, to Look, to Languish,
On each others Eyes!

Chor. of all Men & Wom. } *And if we may discover,* &c.

Phil. Break off your Musick; for our Foes are near.

[*Spirits vanish.*

Enter Merlin.

Merl. My Soveraign, we have hazarded too far;
But Love excuses you, and prescience me.
Make haste; for *Osmond* is even now alarm'd,
And greedy of Revenge, is hasting home.

Arth. Oh take my Love with us, or leave me here.

Merl. I cannot, for she's held by Charms too strong:
Which, with th' Inchanted Grove must be destroy'd;
Till when, my Art is vain; But fear not, *Emmeline*;
Th' Enchanter has no Pow'r on Innocence.

Em. to *Arth.* Farewel, Since we must part: When you are gone,
I'll look, into my Glass, just where you look'd;
To find your Face again;
If 'tis not there, I'll think on you so long,
My Heart shall make your Picture for my Eyes.

Arth. Where-e'er I go, my Soul shall stay with thee:
'Tis but my Shadow that I take away;
True Love is never happy but by halves;
An *April* Sun-shine, that by fits appears,
It smiles by Moments, but it mourns by Years.

[*Exeunt* Arthur *and* Merlin *at one Door.*

Enter

Enter Osmond *at the other Door, who gazes on* Emmeline, *and she on him.*

Em. *Matilda* save me, from this ugly Thing,
This Foe to sight, Speak, dost thou know him?
Matil. Too well; 'tis *Oswald*'s Friend, the great Magician.
Em. It cannot be a Man, he's so unlike the Man I Love.
Osm. aside. Death to my Eyes, she sees!
Em. I wish I cou'd not; but I'll close my Sight,
And shut out all I can —— It wo'not be;
Winking, I see thee still, thy odious Image
Stares full into my Soul; and there infects the Room
My *Arthur* shou'd possess.
Osm. aside. I find too late,
That *Merlin* and her Lover have been here.
If I was fir'd before, when she was Blind,
Her Eyes dart Lightning now, she must be mine.
Em. I prithee Dreadful Thing, tell me thy Business here;
And if thou canst, Reform that odious Face;
Look not so Grim upon me.
Osm. My Name is *Osmond*, and my Business Love.
Em. Thou hast a grizly look; forbidding what thou askt,
If I durst tell thee so.
Osm. My Pent-House Eye-Brows, and my Shaggy Beard
Offend your Sight, but these are Manly Signs;
Faint White and Red, abuse your Expectations;
Be Woman; know your Sex, and Love full Pleasures.
Em. Love from a Monster, Fiend!
Osm. Come you must Love, or you must suffer Love;
No Coiness, None, for I am Master here.
Em. And when did *Oswald* give away his Power,
That thou presum'st to Rule? Be sure I'll tell him:
For as I am his Prisoner, he is mine.
Osm. Why then thou art a Captive to a Captive.
O'er labour'd with the Fight, oppress with Thirst;
That *Oswald* whom you mention'd call'd for Drink:
I mix'd a Sleepy Potion in his Bowl;
Which he and his Fool Friend, quaff'd greedily,
The happy Dose wrought the desir'd effect;
Then to a Dungeons depth, I sent both Bound:
Where stow'd with Snakes and Adders now they lodge;
Two Planks their Beds; Slippery with Ooze and Slime:

The Rats brush o're their Faces with their Tails;
And croaking Paddocks crawl upon their Limbs.
Since when the Garrison depends on me,
Now know you are my Slave!
Mat. He strikes a Horror through my Blood.
Em. I Freeze, as if his impious Art had fix'd
My Feet to Earth.
Osm. But Love shall thaw ye.
I'll show his force in Countries cak'd with Ice,
Where the pale Pole-Star in the North of Heav'n
Sits high, and on the frory Winter broods;
Yet there Love Reigns: For proof, this Magick Wand
Shall change the Mildness of sweet *Britans* Clime
To *Tzeland* and the farthest *Thule*'s Frost;
Where the Proud God, disdaining Winters Bounds,
O're-leaps the Fences of Eternal Snow,
And with his Warmth, supplies the distant Sun.

[Osmond *strikes the Ground with his Wand: The Scene changes to a Prospect of Winter in Frozen Countries.*

Cupid *Descends.*

Cup. *sings.* *What ho, thou* Genius *of the Clime, what ho!*
Lyst thou asleep beneath those Hills of Snow?
Stretch out thy Lazy Limbs; Awake, awake,
And Winter from thy Furry Mantle shake.

Genius *Arises.*

Genius. *What Power art thou, who from below,*
Hast made me Rise, unwillingly, and slow,
From Beds of Everlasting Snow?
See'st thou not how stiff, and wondrous old,
Far unfit to bear the bitter Cold,
I can scarcely move, or draw my Breath;
Let me, let me, Freeze again to Death.

Cupid. *Thou Doting Fool forbear, forbear;*
What dost thou Dream of Freezing here?
At Loves appearing, all the Skie clearing,
The Stormy Winds their Fury spare:
Winter subduing and Spring renewing,
My Beams create a more Glorious Year,
Thou Doting Fool, forbear, forbear;
What, Dost thou Dream of Freezing here?

Genius *Great Love, I know thee now;*
Eldest of the Gods art Thou:

Heav'n

Heav'n and Earth, by Thee were made.
Humane Nature,
Is thy Creature,
Every Where Thou art obey'd.

Cupid. *No part of my Dominion shall be waste,*
To spread my Sway, and Sing my Praise,
Ev'n here I will a People raise,
Of kind embracing Lovers, and embrace.

[Cupid waves his Wand upon which the Scene opens, and discovers a Prospect of Ice and Snow to the end of the Stage.

[Singers and Dancers, Men and Women, appear.

Man. *See, see, we assemble,*
Thy Revels to hold:
Though quiv'ring with Cold,
We Chatter and Tremble.

Cupid. *'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have warm'd ye;*
In spight of Cold Weather,
I've brought ye together:
'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have arm'd ye.

Chor. *'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love that has warm'd us,*
In spight of Cold Weather,
He brought us together:
'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love that has arm'd us.

Cupid. *Sound a Parley, ye Fair, and surrender;*
Set your selves, and your Lovers at ease;
He's a Grateful Offender
Who Pleasure dare seize:
But the Whining pretender
Is sure to displease.

2.

Since the Fruit of Desire is possessing,
'Tis Unmanly to Sigh and Complain;
When we Kneel for Redressing,
We move your Disdain:
Love was made for a Blessing,
And not for a Pain.

[*A Dance; after which the Singers and Dancers depart.*

Em. I cou'd be pleas'd with any one but thee,
Who entertain my sight with such Gay Shows,
As Men and Women moving here and there;
That courting one another in their Steps,

Have made their Feet a Tune.

Osmo. What, Coying it again!
No more; but make me happy to my Gust.
That is, without your struggling.

Em. From my sight,
Thou all thy Devils in one, thou dar'st not force me.

Osmo. You teach me well, I find you wou'd be Ravish'd;
I'll give you that excuse your Sex desires.

[*He begins to lay hold on her, and they struggle.*

Grimb. within. O help me, Master, help me!

Osmo. Who's that, my *Grimbald!* Come and help thou me:
For 'tis thy Work t' assist a Ravisher.

Grimb. within. I cannot stir; I am spell-caught by *Philidel*,
And purs'd within a Net. With a huge heavy weight of Holy (Words,
Laid on my Head that keeps me down from rising.

Osmo. I'll read 'em backwards, and release thy Bonds:
Mean time go in:—— [*To Emmeline.*
Prepare your self, and ease my Drudgery:
But if you will not fairly be enjoy'd,
A little honest Force, is well employ'd [*Exit Osmond.*

Em. Heav'n be my Guard, I have no other Friend!
Heav'n ever present to thy suppliants Aid,
Protect and pity Innocence betray'd.

[*Exeunt* Emmeline *and* Matilda.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Osmond, Solus.

NOw I am setl'd in my Force-full Sway;
Why then, I'll be Luxurious in my Love;
Take my full Gust, and setting Forms aside,
I'll bid the Slave, that fires my Blood, lie down.

[*Seems to be going off.*

Enter Grimbald, *who meets him.*

Grim. Not so fast, Master, Danger threatens thee;

There's

There's a black Cloud, descending from above,
Full of Heaven's Venom, bursting o're thy Head.

Osmo. Malicious Fiend, thou ly'st: For I am fenc'd
By Millions of thy Fellows, in my Grove:
I bad thee, when I freed thee from the Charm,
Run scouting through the Wood, from Tree to Tree,
And look if all my Devils were on Duty:
Hadst thou perform'd thy Charge, thou tardy Spright,
Thou wouldst have known no Danger threatn'd me.

Grim. When did a Devil fail in Diligence?
Poor Mortal, thou thy self art overseen;
I have been there, and thence I bring this News.
Thy Fatal Foe, great *Arthur*, is at hand;
Merlin has ta'en his time while thou wert absent,
T' observe thy Characters, their Force, and Nature,
And Counterwork thy Spells.

Osmo. The Devil take *Merlin*;
I'll cast 'em all anew, and instantly,
All of another Mould; be thou at hand.
Their Composition was, before, of Horror;
Now they shall be of Blandishment, and Love;
Seducing Hopes, soft Pity, tender Moans:
Art shall meet Art; and, when they think to win,
The Fools shall find their Labour to begin.

[*Exeunt* Osm. *and* Grimb.

Enter Arthur, *and* Merlin *at another Door.*

Scene of the Wood continues.

Merl. Thus far it is permitted me to go;
But all beyond this Spot, is fenc'd with Charms;
I may no more; but only with advice.

Arth. My Sword shall do the rest.

Merl. Remember well, that all is but Illusion;
Go on; good Stars attend thee.

Arth. Doubt me not.

Merl. Yet in prevention
Of what may come, I'll leave my *Philidel*
To watch thy Steps, and with him leave my Wand;
The touch of which, no Earthy Fiend can bear,
In what e're Shape transform'd, but must lay down
His borrow'd Figure, and confess the Devil.

Once

Once more Farewel, and prosper. [*Exit* Merlin.

Arth. walking. No Danger yet, I see no walls of Fire,
No City of the Fiends, with Forms obsene,
To grin from far, on Flaming Battlements;
This is indeed the Grove I shou'd destroy;
But where's the Horrour? Sure the Prophet err'd.
Hark! Musick, and the warbling Notes of Birds; [*Soft Musick.*
Hell entertains me, like some welcom Guest.
More Wonders yet; yet all delightful too.
A Silver Current to forbid my passage,
And yet to invite me, stands a Golden Bridge:
Perhaps a Trap, for my Unwary Feet
To sink, and whelm me underneath the Waves;
With Fire or Water, let him wage his War,
Or all the Elements at once; I'll on.

[*As he is going to the Bridge, two Syrens arise from the Water; They shew themselves to the Waste, and sing.*

1 Syren. *O pass not on, but stay,*
And waste the Joyous Day
With us in gentle Play:
Unbend to Love, unbend thee:
O lay thy Sword aside,
And other Arms provide;
For other Wars attend thee,
And sweeter to be try'd.

Chor. *For other Wars,* &c.

Both sing. *Two Daughters of this Aged Stream are we;*
And both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd for thee;
Come Bathe with us an Hour or two,
Come Naked in, for we are so;
What Danger from a Naked Foe?
Come Bathe with us, come Bathe, and share,
What Pleasures in the Floods appear:
We'll beat the Waters till they bound,
And Circle, round, around, around,
And Circle round, around.

Arth. A Lezie Pleasure trickles through my Veins;
Hear cou'd I stay, and well be Couzen'd here.
But Honour calls; Is Honour in such haste?
Can he not Bait at such a pleasing Inn?
No; for the more I look, the more I long;

Farewel,

Farewel, ye Fair Illusions, I must leave ye.
While I have Power to say, that I must leave ye.
Farewel, with half my Soul I stagger off,
How dear this flying Victory has cost,
When, if I stay to struggle, I am lost.

[*As he is going forward,* Nymphs *and* Sylvans *come out from behind the Trees, Base and two Trebles sing the following* Song *to a* Minuet.

[Dance with the Song, all with Branches in their Hands.

Song. *How happy the Lover,*
How easie his Chain,
How pleasing his Pain?
How sweet to discover!
He sighs not in vain.
For Love every Creature
Is form'd by his Nature;
No Joys are above
The Pleasures of Love.

[The Dance continues with the same Measure play'd alone.

2.

In vain are our Graces,
In vain are your Eyes,
If Love you despise;
When Age furrows Faces,
'Tis time to be wise.
Then use the short Blessing,
That Flies in Possessing:
No Joys are above
The Pleasures of Love.

Arth. And what are these Fantastick Fairy Joys,
To Love like mine? False Joys, false Welcomes all.
Begone, ye *Sylvan* Trippers of the Green;
Fly after Night, and overtake the Moon.

[*Here the Dancers, Singers and Syrens vanish.*

This goodly Tree seems Queen of all the Grove.
The Ringlets round her Trunk declare her guilty
Of many Midnight-Sabbaths Revell'd here.
Her will I first attempt. [Arthur *strikes at the Tree, and cuts it; Blood spouts out of it, a Groan follows, then a Shreik.*

Good

Good Heav'ns, what Monstrous Prodigies are these!
Blood follows from my blow; the Wounded Rind
Spouts on my Sword, and Sanguine dyes the Plain.
[*He strikes again. A Voice of* Emmeline *from behind.*
Em. from behind. Forbear, if thou hast Pity, ah forbear!
These Groans proceed not from a Senceless Plant,]
No Spouts of Blood run welling from a Tree.
Arth. Speak what thou art; I charge thee speak thy Being;
Thou that hast made my curdl'd Blood run back,
My Heart heave up; my Hair to rise in Bristles,
And scarcely left a Voice to ask thy Name.
[Emmeline *breaks out of the Tree, shewing her Arm Bloody.*
Em. Whom thou hast hurt, Unkind and Cruel, see;
Look on this Blood, 'tis fatal, still, to me
To bear thy Wounds, my Heart has felt 'em first.
Arth. 'Tis she; Amazement roots me to the Ground!
Em. By cruel Charms, dragg'd from my peaceful Bower,
Fierce *Osmond* clos'd me in this bleeding Bark;
And bid me stand expos'd to the bleak Winds,
And Winter Storms; and Heav'ns Inclemency,
Bound to the Fate of this Hell-haunted Grove;
So that whatever Sword, or sounding Axe,
Shall violate this Plant, must pierce my Flesh,
And when that falls, I dye.——
Arth. If this be true,
O never, never, to be ended Charm,
At least by me; yet all may be Illusion.
Break up, ye thickning Foggs, and filmy Mists,
All that be-lye my Sight, and cheat my Sense.
For Reason still pronounces, 'tis not she,
And thus resolv'd—— [*Lifts up his Sword, as going to strike.*
Em. Do, strike, *Barbarian*, strike;
And strew my mangl'd Limbs, with every stroke,
Wound me, and double Kill me, with Unkindness,
That by thy Hand I fell.
Arth. What shall I do, ye Powers?
Em. Lay down thy Vengeful Sword, 'tis fatal here:
What need of Arms, where no Defence is made?
A Love Sick Virgin, panting with Desire,
No Conscious Eye t' intrude on our Delights:
For this thou hast the *Syren's* Songs despis'd;

For

For this, thy Faithful Passion I Reward;
Haste then, to take me longing to thy Arms.

Arth. O Love! O *Merlin!* Whom should I believe?

Emm. Believe thy Self, thy Youth, thy Love, and me;
They only, they who please themselves, are Wise:
Disarm thy Hand, that mine may meet it bare.

Arth. By thy leave, Reason, here I throw thee off,
Thou load of Life: If thou wert made for Souls,
Then Souls shou'd have been made without their Bodies.
If, falling for the first Created Fair,
Was *Adam*'s Fault, great Grandsire I forgive thee,
Eden was lost, as all thy Sons wou'd lose it.

[*Going towards* Emmeline, *and pulling off his Gantlet.*

Enter Philidel *running.*

Phil. Hold, poor deluded Mortal, hold thy Hand;
Which if thou giv'st, is plighted to a Fiend.
For Proof, behold the Virtue of this Wand;
Th' Infernal Paint shall vanish from her Face,
And Hell shall stand Reveal'd.

[*Strikes* Emmeline *with a Wand, who straight descends:* Philidel *runs to the Descent, and pulls up* Grimbald, *and binds him.*

Now see to whose Embraces thou wert falling.
Behold the Maiden Modesty of *Grimbald*,
The grossest, earthiest, uglyest Fiend in Hell.

Arth. Horrour seizes me,
To think what Headlong Ruine I have tempted.

Phil. Haste to thy Work; a Noble stroke or two
Ends all the Charms, and disenchants the Grove.
I'll hold thy Mistress bound.

Arth. Then here's for Earnest;

[*Strikes twice or thrice, and the Tree falls, or sinks: A Peal of Thunder immediately follows, with dreadful Howlings.*

'Tis finish'd, and the Dusk that yet remains,
Is but the Native Horrour of the Wood.
But I must lose no time; the Pass is free;
Th' unroosted Fiends have quitted this Abode;
On yon proud Towers, before the day be done,
My glittering Banners shall be wav'd against the setting Sun.

[*Exit* Arthur.

Phil. Come on my ſurly Slave; come ſtalk along,
And ſtamp a mad-Mans pace, and drag thy Chain.

Grim. I'll Champ and Foam upon't, till the blue Venom
Work upward to thy Hands, and looſe their hold.

Phil. Know'ſt thou this powerful Wand; 'tis lifted up;
A ſecond ſtroke wou'd ſend thee to the Centre,
Benum'd and Dead, as far as Souls can Die.

Grim. I wou'd thou would'ſt, to rid me of my Senſe:
I ſhall be whoop'd through Hell at my return,
Inglorious from the Miſchief I deſign'd.

Phil. And therefore ſince thou loath'ſt Etherial Light,
The Morning Sun ſhall beat on thy black Brows;
The Breath thou draw'ſt ſhall be of upper Air,
Hoſtile to thee; and to thy Earthy make,
So light, ſo thin, that thou ſha't Starve, for want
Of thy groſs Food, till gaſping thou ſhalt lie,
And blow it black, all Sooty to the Sky.

[*Exit* Philidel, *dragging* Grimbald *after him.*

ACT. V.

Enter Oſmond *as Affrighted.*

Oſm. GRimbald made Priſoner, and my Grove deſtroy'd!
Now what can ſave me——Hark the Drums and Trumpets! [*Drums and Trumpets within.*
Arthur is marching onward to the Fort,
I have but one Recourſe, and that's to *Oſwald*;
But will he Fight for me, whom I have injur'd?
No, not for me, but for himſelf he muſt;
I'll urge him with the laſt Neceſſity;
Better give up my Miſtreſs than my Life!
His force is much unequal to his Rival's?
True;——But I'll help him with my utmoſt Art,
And try t' unravel Fate. [*Exit* Oſmond.

Enter Arthur, Conon, Aurelius, Albanact, *and Soldiers.*

Con. Now there remains but this one Labour more;
And if we have the Hearts of true Born *Britains*,
The forcing of that Caſtle Crowns the Day.

Aurel. The Works are weak, the Gariſon but thin,

Diſpi-

Diſpirited with frequent Overthrows,
Already wavering on their ill mann'd Walls.
Alban. They ſhift their places oft, and ſculk from War,
Sure Signs of pale Deſpair, and eaſie Rout;
It ſhews they place their Confidence in Magick,
And when their Devils fail, their Hearts are Dead.
Arth. Then, where you ſee 'em cluſt'ring moſt, in Motion,
And ſtaggering in their Ranks, there preſs 'em home;
For that's a Coward heap——How's this, a Sally?
Enter Oſwald, Guillamar, *and Soldiers on the other ſide.*
Beyond my Hopes, to meet 'em on the Square.
Oſw. advancing. Brave *Britains* hold; and thou their famous Chief
Attend what *Saxon Oſwald* will propoſe.
He owns your Victory; but whether owing
To Valour, or to Fortune, that he doubts.
If *Arthur* dares aſcribe it to the firſt,
And ſingl'd from a Crowd, will tempt a Conqueſt,
This *Oſwald* Offers, let our Troops retire,
And Hand to Hand, let us decide our Strife:
This if Refus'd, bear Witneſs Earth and Heaven,
Thou ſteal'ſt a Crown and Miſtreſs undeſerv'd.
Arth. I'll not Uſurp thy Title of a Robber,
Nor will upbraid thee, that before I proffer'd
This ſingle Combat, which thou didſt avoid;
So glad I am, on any Terms to meet thee,
And not diſcourage thy Repenting ſhame;
As once *Æneas* my Fam'd Anceſtor,
Betwixt the *Trojan* and *Rutilian* Bands,
Fought for a Crown, and bright *Lavinia's* Bed,
So will I meet thee, Hand to Hand oppos'd:
My Auguring Mind, aſſures the ſame Succeſs.
To his Men. Hence out of view; If I am Slain, or yield,
Renounce me *Britains* for a Recreant Knight,
And let the *Saxon* peacefully enjoy
His former footing in our famous Iſle.
To Ratifie theſe Terms, I ſwear——
Oſw. You need not;
Your Honour is of Force, without your Oath.
I only add, that if I fall, or yeild,
Yours be the Crown, and *Emmeline.*
Arth. That's two Crowns.

No more; we keep the looking Heav'ns and Sun
Too long in Expectation of our Arms.

[*Both Armies go clear off the Stage.*

[*They Fight, with Spunges in their Hands dipt in Blood; after some equal Passes and Closeing, they appear both Wounded:* Arthur *Stumbles among the Trees,* Oswald *falls over him, they both Rise;* Arthur *Wounds him again, then* Oswald *Retreats, Enter* Osmond *from among the Trees, and with his Wand, strikes* Arthur's *Sword out of his Hand, and* Exit. Oswald *pursues* Arthur. Merlin *enters, and gives* Arthur *his Sword, and* Exit; *they close, and* Arthur *in the fall Disarms* Oswald.

Arth. Confess thy self o'ercome, and ask thy Life.
Oswa. 'Tis not worth asking, when 'tis in thy Power.
Arth. Then take it as my Gift.
Oswa. A wretched Gift,
With loss of Empire, Liberty, and Love.

[*A Consort of Trumpets within, proclaiming* Arthur's *Victory. While they Sound,* Arthur *and* Oswald *seem to Confer.*

'Tis too much Bounty to a vanquish'd Foe;
Yet not enough to make me Fortunate.
Arth. Thy Life, thy Liberty, thy Honour Safe,
Lead back thy *Saxons* to their Ancient Elb;
I wou'd Restore thee fruitful *Kent*, the Gift
Of *Vortigern* for *Hengist*'s ill-bought aid,
But that my *Britain*'s brook no Foreign Power,
To Lord it in a Land, Sacred to Freedom;
And of its Rights, Tenacious to the last.
Oswa. Nor more than thou hast offer'd wou'd I take;
I would Refuse all *Britain*, held in Homage;
And own no other Masters but the Gods.

Enter on one side; Merlin, Emmeline, *and* Matilda. Conon, Aurelius, Albanact, *with British Soldiers, bearing King* Arthur's *Standard display'd.*

On the other side; Guillamar *and* Osmond, *with Saxon Soldiers, dragging their Colours on the Ground.*

Arth. *going to* Emm. *and embracing her.* } At length, at length, I have thee in my Arms;
Tho' our Malevolent Stars have struggled hard,
And held us long asunder.

Emm.

Emm. We are ſo fitted for each others Hearts,
That Heav'n had err'd, in making of a third,
To get betwixt, and intercept our Loves.
Oſw. Were there but this, this only ſight to ſee,
The price of *Britain* ſhou'd not buy my ſtay.
Merl. Take hence that Monſter of Ingratitude,
Him, who betray'd his Maſter, bear him hence,
And in that loathſom Dungeon plunge him deep,
Where he plung'd Noble *Oſwald.*
Oſm. That indeed is fitteſt for me,
For there I ſhall be near my Kindred Fiends,
And ſpare my *Grimbald*'s Pains to bear me to 'em. [*Is carried off.*
Mer. to *Arth:* For this Days Palm, and for thy former Acts,
Thy *Britain* freed, and Foreign Force expell'd,
Thou, *Arthur*, has acquir'd a future Fame,
And of three Chriſtian Worthies, art the firſt:
And now at once, to treat thy Sight and Soul,
Behold what Rouling Ages ſhall produce:
The Wealth, the Loves, the Glories of our Iſle,
Which yet like Golden-Oar, unripe in Beds,
Expect the Warm Indulgency of Heav'n
To call 'em forth to Light——
To *Oſw.* Nor thou, brave Saxon Prince, diſdain our Triumphs;
Britains and Saxons ſhall be once one People;
One Common Tongue, one Common Faith ſhall bind
Our Jarring Bands, in a perpetual Peace.

[Merlin *waves his Wand; the Scene changes, and diſcovers the Britiſh Ocean in a Storm.* Æolus *in a Cloud above: Four Winds hanging,* &c.

Æolus Singing. *Ye Bluſt'ring Brethren of the Skies,*
Whoſe Breath has ruffl'd all the Watry Plain,
Retire, and let Britannia *Riſe,*
In Triumph o'er the Main.
Serene and Calm, and void of fear,
The Queen of Iſlands muſt appear:
Serene and Calm, as when the Spring
The New-Created World began,
And Birds on Boughs did ſoftly ſing,
Their Peaceful Homage paid to Man.

While

While Eurus *did his Blasts forbear,*
In favour of the Tender Year.
Retreat, Rude Winds, Retreat,
To Hollow Rocks, your Stormy Seat;
There swell your Lungs, and vainly, vainly threat.

[*Æolus* ascends, and the four Winds fly off. The Scene opens, and discovers a calm Sea, to the end of the House. An *Island* arises, to a soft Tune; *Britannia* seated in the *Island*, with Fishermen at her Feet, &c. The Tune changes; the Fishermen come ashore, and dance a While; after which, *Pan* and a *Nereide* come on the Stage, and sing.

Pan *and* Nereide *Sings.*

Round thy Coasts, Fair Nymph of Britain,
For thy Guard our Waters flow:
Proteus *all his Herd admitting,*
On thy Greens to Graze below:
Foreign Lands thy Fishes Tasting,
Learn from thee Luxurious Fasting.

Song of three Parts.

For Folded Flocks, on Fruitful Plains,
The Shepherds and the Farmers Gains,
Fair Britain *all the World outvyes;*
And Pan, *as in* Arcadia *Reigns,*
Where Pleasure mixt with Profit lyes.

2.

Though Jasons *Office was Fam'd of old,*
The British *Wool is growing Gold;*
No Mines can more of Wealth supply:
It keeps the Peasant from the Cold,
And takes for Kings the Tyrian *Dye.*

The last *Stanza* sung over again betwixt *Pan* and the *Nereide.* After which the former Dance is varied, and goes on.

Enter

Enter Comus *with three Peaſants, who ſing the following* SONG *in Parts.*

Com. *YOur Hay it is Mow'd, and your Corn is Reap'd;*
Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels heap'd:
Come, my Boys, come;
Come, my Boys, come;
And merrily Roar out Harveſt Home;
Harveſt Home,
Harveſt Home;
And merrily Roar out Harveſt Home.
Chorus. *Come, my Boys, come,* &c.

1 Man. *We ha' cheated the Parſon, we'll cheat him agen;*
For why ſhou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?
One in Ten,
One in Ten.
For why ſhou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?
Chorus. *One in Ten,*
One in Ten.
For why ſhou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?

2. *For Prating ſo long like a Book-learn'd Sot,*
Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot;
Burn to Pot,
Burn to Pot;
Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot.
Chorus. *Burn to Pot,* &c.

3. *We'll toſs off our Ale till we canno' ſtand,*
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old England:
Old England,
Old England;
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old England.
Chorus. *Old* England, &c.

The Dance vary'd into a round Country-Dance.

Enter Venus.

Venus. *Faireſt Iſle, all Iſles Excelling,*
Seat of Pleaſures, and of Loves;

Venus

Venus *here, will chuſe her Dwelling,*
And forſake her Cyprian *Groves.*

2.

Cupid *from his Fav'rite Nation,*
Care and Envy will Remove;
Jealouſie, that poyſons Paſſion,
And Deſpair that dies for Love.

3.

Gentle Murmurs, ſweet Complaining,
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
Soft Repulſes, kind Diſdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.

4.

Every Swain ſhall pay his Duty,
Grateful every Nymph ſhall prove;
And as theſe Excel in Beauty,
Thoſe ſhall be Renown'd for Love.

SONG by Mr. *HOWE.*

1.

She. *YOU ſay, 'Tis Love Creates the Pain,*
Of which ſo ſadly you Complain;
And yet wou'd fain Engage my Heart
In that uneaſie cruel part:
But how, Alas! think you, that I,
Can bear the Wound of which you die?

2.

He. *'Tis not my Paſſion makes my Care,*
But your Indifference gives Deſpair:
The Luſty Sun begets no Spring,
Till Gentle Show'rs Aſſiſtance bring:
So Love that Scorches, and Deſtroys,
Till Kindneſs Aids, can cauſe no Joys.

She.

3.

She. *Love has a Thousand Ways to please,*
But more to rob us of our Ease:
For Wakeful Nights and Careful Days,
Some Hours of Pleasure be repays;
But absence soon, or Jealous Fears,
O'reflow the Joys with Floods of Tears.

4.

He. *By vain and senseless Forms betray'd,*
Harmless Love's th' Offender made;
While we no other Pains endure,
Than those, that we our selves procure:
But one soft Moment makes Amends
For all the Torment that attends.

5.

Chorus of Both.

Let us love, let us love, and to Happiness haste;
Age and Wisdom come too fast:
Youth for Loving was design'd.
He alone. *I'll be constant, you be kind.*
She alone. *You be constant, I'll be kind.*
Both. *Heav'n can give no greater Blessing,*
Than faithful Love, and kind Possessing.

[After the Dialogue, a Warlike Consort: The Scene opens above, and discovers the Order of the Garter.

Enter Honour, *Attended by* Hero's.

Merl. These who last enter'd, are our Valiant *Britains*,
Who shall by Sea and Land Repel our Foes.
Now look above, and in Heav'ns High Abyss,
Behold what Fame attends those future Hero's:
Honour, who leads 'em to that Steepy Height,
In her Immortal Song, shall tell the rest.

(Honour sings.)

1.

Hon. *St.* George, *the Patron of our Isle,*
A Soldier, and a Saint,
On that Auspicious Order smile,
Which Love and Arms will plant.

2.

Our Natives not alone appear
To Court this Martial Prize;
But Foreign Kings Adopted here,
Their Crowns at home despise.

3.

Our Soveraign High, in Aweful State,
His Honours shall bestow;
And see his Sceptr'd Subjects wait
On his Commands below.

[A full Chorus of the whole Song: After which the Grand Dance.

Arth. to Merl. Wisely you have, whate'er will please, re-
What wou'd displease, as wisely have conceal'd; veal'd,
Triumphs of War and Peace, at full ye show,
But swiftly turn the Pages of our Wo.
Rest we contented with our present State;
'Tis Anxious to enquire of future Fate.
That Race of Hero's is enough alone
For all unseen Disasters to atone.
Let us make haste betimes to Reap our share,
And not Resign them all the Praise of War.
But see th' Example, and their Souls Inflame,
To Copy out their Great Forefathers Fame.

THE EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

I've had to Day a Dozen Billet-Doux
From Fops, *and* Wits, *and* Cits, *and* Bowſtreet-Beaux;
Some from Whitehal, *but from the* Temple *more*;
A Covent-Garden *Porter brought me four.*
I have not yet read all: But, without feigning,
We Maids *can make ſhrewd Gheſſes at your meaning.*
What if, to ſhew your Styles, I read 'em here?
Methinks I hear one cry, Oh Lord, forbear:
No, Madam, no; by Heav'n, that's too ſevere.
Well then, be ſafe——
But ſwear henceforwards to renounce all Writing,
And take this Solemn Oath of my Inditing,
As you love Eaſe, and hate Campagnes and Fighting.
Tet, 'Faith, 'tis juſt to make ſome few Examples:
What if I ſhew'd you one or two for Samples?

Pulls one out. *Here's one deſires my Ladiſhip to meet*
At the kind Couch above in Bridges-Street.
Oh Sharping Knave! That wou'd have, you know what,
For a poor Sneaking Treat of Chocolat.

Pulls out another. *Now, in the Name of Luck, I'll break this open,*
Becauſe I Dreamt laſt Night I had a Token;
The Superſcription is exceeding pretty,
To the Deſire of all the Town and City.
Now, Gallants, *you muſt know, this pretious* Fop,
Is Foreman of a Haberdaſhers-Shop:
One who devoutly Cheats; demure in Carriage;
And Courts me to the Holy Bands of Marriage.
But with a Civil Inuendo *too,*
My Overplus of Love ſhall be for you.

Madam

Reads. Madam, I ſwear your Looks are ſo Divine,
When I ſet up, your Face ſhall be my Sign:
Tho Times are hard; to ſhew how I adore you,
Here's my whole Heart, and half a Guinea for you.
But have a care of *Beaux*; They're falſe, my Honey;
And which is worſe, have not one Rag of Money.

See how Maliciouſly the Rogue would wrong ye:
But I know better Things of ſome among ye.
My wiſeſt way will be to keep the Stage,
And truſt to the Good Nature of the Age;
And he that likes the Muſick *and the* Play,
Shall be my Favourite Gallant to Day.

FINIS.